

Singing River Chronicle, Chronicles of the Bride, Journeys in Heaven



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Well, okay guys, I think we've had enough doom and gloom for now. I'm looking for things that the Lord wants me to share with you, and I came up with a Chronicle, *Chronicle of the Bride*, that's not been published yet. It's called "The Singing River Chronicle." This happened in March of 2014.

I began: This is a new season of prayer, of change - and I'm loving it. We've been walking in Heaven again, all afternoon. We were back near His Father's bungalow (God the Father) tree house, descending a hill on a white sand path. I love white sand on the ground. Jesus stopped midway down the hill and spread out a large blanket His mother had made for us. It had a large red heart quilted on it. He reminded me to get out my wedding cookies and Frappuccino so we could enjoy a meal together. Oh, how happy I was about that. I had offered Him that for a Lenten fast. So what I mean by this, is, in real life I got out my cookies and my Frappuccino while He was taking me through Heaven.

Joyfully we ate together, but I was a bit distracted by my duty to pick up the discarded food from a local store to distribute to the poor out on the mesa here in Taos. And when I say poor, these kids live in cardboard boxes, burnt out Volkswagens and trailers and things like that. They are very, very poor. And a lot of them come from severely damaged drug families, you know, families that have been doing drugs for a long time,

We collect food from the local stores and send it out there every Thursday, and I had to be there to pick up the food. There was a certain time I had to be there. Jesus, understanding my concern, said matter-of-factly, "*I'll wait for you.*" So, I went out and came back with great expectation of picking up right where we left off.

Oh my joy, He was still sitting there on the forest hillside waiting for me. When we finished eating, He said, "*Come on!*" and reached for my hand. We descended the hillside easily, as there's very little chance of losing your balance in Heaven. No hard rocks, no "owies" - every bit of Creation is obliging to the extreme. Flowers fly into your hands when you desire to pick them. They even salute you as you walk by - truly, they turn their heads and bow their heads. Bees let you dip into their honeycombs and hover in a heart shape. Sharp black lava rocks are slightly spongy and soft to the touch.

When we reached the bottom of the hill, Jesus made an abrupt right turn, and before my eyes was the opening to a cave, semicircular at about 12 feet tall. At first I thought it was dark inside, as caves usually are. But not in Heaven! Here the light shines out from all Creation - it is quite evident that it is His love that holds matter together.

When we stepped inside, the ceiling of the cave was lined with a power blue, crystalline carpet resembling thick moss, but rather made up of tiny, baby-blue crystals giving off a gentle, but bright enough light to see. I recognized them from my early rock collecting days as a child. It was smithsonite. Once my eyes adjusted, I saw a small stream, no more than 10 feet across and 5 or 6 feet deep. Crystal clear with a white sandy bottom. The ceiling of the cave must have been 12 feet high or so, and the shimmering water cast waves of light across the surface, adding to the ethereal quality of the cave.

There was a small canoe waiting there for us. Jesus sat in the back steering and paddling us into the cavern. Round the first bend, much to my delight and surprise, were giant clear quartz crystals from 3 to 7 feet in length and of all different colors: amethyst, aquamarine, tri-colored tourmalines: red, yellow and green. And the thought came to my mind, 'I wonder if they are of the same composition as emeralds?' Just then a niche in the side of the cave came into view, filled with small emeralds of all kinds of brilliant green. Such richness in color I've never seen on this Earth. And one of my very favorite colors - Azurite - deep, rich, blue came to mind. NO more had I thought of it than another small cavity in the cave wall was covered in beautiful, tiny blue crystals. Dark blue, like a midnight blue - like the skies. Oh, how utterly amazing.

I reached out to touch one of the very tall quartz crystals, laying the palm of my hand on it. It vibrated, in a way similar to what you would experience if you laid your hand on a speaker cabinet. Then I heard a hum. I reproduced it with my own voice here on Earth, and turned on my electronic tuner. The hum was in the key of B. Then, another layer of sound in the key of E. Then C! How very interesting this all was to me. It was as if I was hearing the rocks cry out!

Jesus had arranged a seat for me directly in front of Him, so that He was able to hold me and support my back resting against Him, while I was thoroughly enthralled looking up at this magnificent Creation. I want to call this place the Singing River, but I don't know if that is His name for it.

Paradise comes to mind again. A line from the Wedding Song is - To be with You is Paradise.

I began to fall into a sublime rest in Him, to the point where I could no longer sit up. I found my way to our bed here in the house and laid down, still floating in His arms on the Singing River. and now He is telling me, *"Please, tell them about this place. I want them to know I created it for their delight, and someday very soon I will take them in this same canoe into the depths of this Heavenly crystal nursery and the waters will sing for joy with them, too."*

After about 2 hours, I came back to myself feeling refreshed and ready for the work we will do together tonight. We're still working on the Wedding Song.

Oh Lord, I feel so wonderful. These two days have been SO wonderful. It's been a long time since I've been able to relax totally in Your sweet presence and allow You to take me where You will. Thank You for this sublime gift. Please, please help me to guide others to this sweet place.

"That's the idea," He answered with a hint of excitement and a twinkle in His eye. *"The world is totally ignorant of Who I am and what Heaven is all about. Man has painted so many distorted pictures of Me that I don't even recognize Myself in them all. Yes, some have successfully portrayed Me, but they are few and far between. And to tell the truth, they haven't even begun to touch on My humanness, My playfulness, My love of beauty and the very real joy I feel in sharing it with them in Heaven. Oh, do tell*

them, My Beloved. Tell them over and over again. I have gone to prepare a distinctly different place for each and every one of you. No dwelling I have created resembles another; just as My beautiful Bride is varied in her individuality and taste, so are the delightful places I have prepared for Her."

Oh, Lord, my heart is bubbling over with joy - but who will ever believe me?

"Don't worry, there will be confirming signs. Just tell her - I am madly in Love with you, who have given your lives to Me and I'm going to fully convince you of that the very Day you come to Me. But, for those who will have Me now, you have only to close your eyes and enter into My rest, and I will carry you tenderly to the delights I have prepared for you.

"Only just Believe."

Heart Dwellers

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